

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

*Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Card.  
nall of Winchester, and then the King and Queene, and then the  
Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.*

*King* I wonder our vnckle Gloster staies so long.

*Queene* Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,  
How that ambitious duke doth vse himselfe?

The time hath beene, but now that time is past,  
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:

But now let one meete him euen in the morne,

When euery one will giue the time of day,

And he will neither moue nor speake to vs,

See you not the Commons follow him

In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,

And with long life Iesus preserue his grace,

Honoring him as if he were a King:

Gloster is no little man in England,

And if he list to stir commotions,

Tis likely that the people will follow him:

My lord, if you imagine, there is no such thing,

Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare,

My lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,

Disproue my allegations if you can,

And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,

I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.

*Suffolke* Well hath your grace foreseene into that Duke,

And if I had beene licent first to speake,

I thinke I should haue told your graces tale,

Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest,

No, no my soueraigne, Gloster is a man

Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

*Enter the Duke of Somerset.*

*King* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

*Somer.* Cold newes my lord, and this it is,  
That all your holds and Townes within those Territories,  
Is overcome my Lord, and all is lost.

*King* Cold newes indeede Lord Somerset,  
But Gods will be done.

*Yorke*

*houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Yorke* Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

*Enter Duke Humphrey.*

*Humph.* Pardon my liege, that I haue staied so long.

*Suffolke* Nay Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,  
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,  
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

*Humph.* Why Suffolkes duke thou shalt not see me blush  
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,  
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

*Yorke.* Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from  
And stopt the souldiers of their pay, (France,  
By which his maiestie hath lost all France.

*Humph.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that think so?  
So God help me, as I haue watcht the night,  
Euer intending good for England still,  
That pennie that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought against me at the iudgement day,  
I neuer robd the souldiers of their pay,  
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost  
Haue I sent ouer for the souldiers wants,  
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

*Car.* In your Protectorship you did deuise,  
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes  
England hath beene defamde by tyrannie.

*Hum.* Why tis well knowne that whilst I was protector,  
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:  
A murderer, or foule felonious theefe,  
That robs and murders seely passengers,  
I torturd aboute the rate of common law.

*Suffolke.* Tush my lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason here,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntill such time as thou canst cleere thy selfe.

*King* Good vnckle obey to his arrest,  
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleere thy selfe,

*My*